## GermansMayMake "An Englishman's Home" a Reality

cards, and that you, and thousands like you, are saying it's not your busin and as long as it doesn't interfere w. you, let it go on? And others are jus the same, shouting and singing rotten music hall songs and thinking they'r just going to see some fun! Fun! Oh

H is interrupted by the arrival of com; any of English volunteers Throughout the scene their lack of discipline is apparent. Some study the photographs, one takes up the diabole sticks, another drums on the piano The party is commanded by Capt Finch, wearing a very correct uniform who is obviously badly flustered. The color sergeant enters.

Color Sergeant-You want me, sir? Capt. Finch-Want you? Of course Where on earth have you been? Color Sergeant-I've been outside, sir getting the men together. They ar

all over the place.
Capt. Finch-Well, you'd no business to let 'em get all over the place! Have you got them all together now?
Color Sergeant-Pretty well, sir. There are some stragglers to come in

Capt. Finch-Oh, damn! Never mind. we can't wait for them now-we must get a move on. Now, here's what we've

(Feels in pockets.) Capt. Finch-Now, this is our postour position-you und rstand? Color Sergeant-Yes, sir; we stop

Capt. Finch-And we're to take up this position. Where the devil is my notebook? (Discovers it after long search.) Now pay attention. (The Color Sergeant has gone to the

door to say something to an excited volunteer at window.) Capt. Finch-Color Sergeant, will you

h re and listen to me? Color Sergeant—Right, sir, Capt. Finch—Now, here it, is. Here are the orders! "The enemy's men are somewhere about - about - oh, wel nover mad.

Volunter-Mr. Jackson! Capt. Finch-Yes; what do you want

Volunteer-Please, sir, what are the men outside to do? Jackson-Wait for me. I'll come ou

in a minute. Volunteer-Well, sir, they all seem rather tired of waiting. Some of them

are going away to see what's happen Jackson-Look here, I'll go out to

hem in a minute. Capt. Finch-Just go back and tel them Mr. Jackson will be out in a minute, (He reads.) "The force under Col. Trollope will advance Wickham and occupy it." There was a lot more which I did not get down. There umim—something else. Oh, see, here is. "Three companies will be on the xtreme left of the town." There you ee-that's us. This is the extreme eft, and this company has got to hol on to this house. Do you understand Jackson?

Jackson-Yes. Color Sergeant- Hold on to the house sir? Yes, sir; make a defensive posi-

Capt. Finch-Of course, I've got this written down. (Reads.) "Each company will strengthen its own position and buildings and walls. &c., to be put in a state of defence."

Jackson-Yes, I see, What shall I do to them? Capt. Finch-Do? Why. God bless my soul, you know-you er you-you make defences.

Color Sergeant - May I suggest, sir?

Capt. Finch-Well, what is it? Color Sergeant-That Lieut, Jackson that you, sir, take the ground floor; and I will take the outside of the house, th garden, sir, with No. 4 section.

Capt, Finch-That's a very good suggestion, Color Sergeant! Now, you understand that Jackson? Take your men up stairs and put the top story to a state of defence!

Jakson, going-Yes, I see, (Stops.) Small I put all the furniture against the door-that sort of thing? Capt, Finch-Yes, yes! You know! The usual thing. It's al' 'n the book

You tell him, Color Sergeant. Color Sergeant, like a parrot—"Knock out all glass from windows, blind windows with mattresses, bales, carpets—make loopholes four feet six inches from ground line, arrange for supply of

water for garrison, and earth for put ting out fires." Capt. Finch-There, then, you know it all. Get along, for goodness sake, and get something done!

The sound of breaking glass a few moments later brings Mr. Brown to the scene, purple and spitting with rage. Brown, outside, shouts-Where is he? Who is responsible for this tomfoolery is the leader of this-this band? Capt Finch-I command here.

Brown-You? Who are you? Yo

Capt. Finch-I am Capt. Finch. Brown-What right have you to come here into a private house and destroy it? What right have you got to come

Capt. Finch-Those were my orders Brown-Orders? You-orders in house! Is this a madhouse broken loose? Stop all this at once, sir, pu the furniture back in its place, and leave the house!

Capt. Finch-But-my orders? Brown those are my orders—the orders of the only man who has any right to give them in this house. In the midst of the tirade Jackson

rushes in to announce the appearance of the enemy. The men take positions at the windows. A faint noise of distant firing is heard and the swith of a bullet entering the window. Geoffrey falls, shot through the heart.

The third and last act opens in the same room one hour later. The room is badly wrecked. Several wounded and dead men are lying about. The sound of shell fire and bursting bombs is heard outside.

Brown Damn them!

First Volunteer-Pairly got the range Capt. Pinch-Two more men hit out there, Curse those fellows! (Sees wounded man.) Hullo, what's this?

afraid it's pretty serious. bleeding. I'm so useless,

Lindsay, the adjutant.

Capt. Finch-Hullo, Lindsay, what is swelling out of their heads.

REAL BEAUTY WHO PLAYS "BEAUTY" Leo Ditrichstein



t-what's happening? Have you got any orders? Are we heating them? What are we going to do?

Adjutant (coolly)-We are going to

retire. (Lights pipe.)

Capt. Finch-Retire? What for? Brown-Retire? Never!

Reggie-Nonsense! Why should we

reason for us to retire? The adjutant explains that they have Paul-Hit in the chest, sir-shrapnel gained time by holding the position and all! bullet-about ten minutes ago. I am are about to retire. Brown vigorously protests against this, while Capt. Finch Meggle-I don't know how to stop the suggests that the enemy will think they're beaten if they retire.

house is on fire. Mr. Brown rails at they think that it won't last long. crash and two infantrymen rush in. Capt. Finch for letting the enemy have Back over there is a British army—Brown fells one with a swing of his their own way. The women are urged horse, foot and dragoons—in position, gun. The second soldier is about to to withdraw, but refuse to leave the men behind. To them comes Capt. Willing oh, yes, damned willing not Prince Yoland enters.

Yoland—You're not a soldier.

Brown—Bah! What does that matter? I'm an Englishman. to mention able-to knock all the extra | Yoland-What is this? Why-Ah, it | Voland-Take him out and shoot him

Capt. Finch-No-really? By Jove, that's quick work!

The soldiers retire and only a few members of the family remain. The retire? What's the point of retiring? | shell lire continues; an occasional bullet Capt. Finch-I say, Lindsay, surely enters the windows. The young people we could hold on here. Is there any finally leave the room and Mr. Brown alone remains.

Brown-Curse them! Oh, curse them

He picks up the rifle of a dead soldier. throws it down, and then slowly picks it up again and clumsily loads it. He fighting? You have no right advances to the window and fires again deeding. I'm so useless,

Jackson reports that the roof of the Adjutant—Don't you be afraid. If and again, The door opens with a No right? You blackguards the roof of the Adjutant—Don't you be afraid. If and again, The door opens with a No right? It's you that have no right

is my friend Mr. Brown. Let him be, | Brown-What do you say?

pay the penalty. Brown-Very well. (Pause.) I'm ready. (Yoland salutes him. Exit. Just at his exit Maggie enters.) Maggie-My father! What are you

Officer-He's been fighting. He killed Yoland-I regret, lady, your father is one of my men as we came up. prisoner. Yoland-What is this? You have been Maggie-A prisoner! What for? He an old man. He is not a soldier Brown-No right? You blackguards! Why do you make him a prisoner?

He can do no harm. It's my house you're attacking. Yoland He is a civilian and he was

lighting. He killed some of my men. Maggie But he will not be a prisoner impecunious city man, "I guess it oon be free.

loing with him?

Yoland-You are a civilian; you have

een fighting. I am sorry; you must

Yoland-It's a bit; but it can't be elder son too and dence, at he kin ielped. (Taking out map and sitting down.)

Officer-Do we stay here, sir? Yoland-Yes, here in what the late sometimes I am wher called "an Englishman's home." now and again i Reproduced from "An Englishman's \_\_\_\_

## Home," by permission of Harper & Bros. Extremes

THE man making money in a small town up the State met a freed not making money in New York-there are a few here in that class and they were talking of their respective places of residence.

"I tell you what it is," said the rural visitor in a woful tone, "it's terrible to have a lot of money and live where you can't spend it."

"Oh. I don't know," responded the or long. You will let him go. He will isn't any more terrible than not to (Volley off right. Exits screaming.) | have a lot of money and live where

on Reality and Fiction in Acting

Continued from Firth Do.

there would be a babble of tors copie would be bumping other, the crosses and recrostage would be irregular and de to lines and situations. The would be gesticulating with a stage hand and they would b up stage-in fact, they would everything they might do in and nothing they should do life.

firmly imprinted on his mind business" finally worked rmined upon and has crepkin of the character, there surious psychological conditions dl intents and purposes a he part, yet a certain consecuts itself. Without become ive or offensive in its activity nd guides that which on he conscious entity, for while It tells him that which he mu refrain from doing, that he may a certain place at a e-read tand in a certain position must utter the speeches we inflection and force, that h or miffle his words in fact. is stage deportm at.

That is technique, the knew acting. That is the thing that .mg suggestion of naturalness to a trionic effort. Talent and temp alon, no matter how well private will never make a great actor they are the indispensar such a one.

We read about the great a past, how fiery and impassion unrestrained and fierce, would audience off its feet. Yes, by he members of the support pany? If the truth wire were the real actors. The ad to play up to the star with the utmost car . alert to cover up the aranticipate his "busin ss," their roles to the mighty enes where there was entitle

anhandled and mattreated. They were the ores who rtistry, consciousness inpu ure. Another thing, the 00 years ago were easier to s the blase playgoer of to-day In action they are both to eality. Reality as the found Art and artifice are combione transcends the oth r. depethe type of play, as well as the dity of the players, but to say ists to the exclusion of the at enable assertion.

War Times in Landand

NE of the methods adopted by the proper fighting spirit is opadverse criticism. The method to to is that practised by young a who go about the streets planfeathers on young men in civil who they think should be on t

ing line instead of remaining .

This might be well enough man not on the flabiling have y from it because he wanted true in very many his came particularly under a New Yorker just by because it happened that was the hero. The Hi walking along the Strand sivilian attire when a time stepped up to him and wi preliminarles stuck a white his buttonhole. He reme very polite bow and smill young lady if she would address he would explain mail why she should be in in her distribution of white

As it happened he was in Le cause he had just come from pital, where he realed of four wounds German guns to de on his way. 11-tioned in the de-All this was of

Within twenty-four ! effer of most penitent ap-issurance that the writer fter expend her eners n some other dire white feathers on supp oung men.

"I may add" said keeping the white feath fomance may gr y the time this cric

"It may be tru the heard this stor readful war, but ive letters of couldarious parts of Grea loss of sons in battl back their best v.

"I have no brot she added with a !

